Supernatural, Gabriel/Crowley, mpreg!crack - Gabriel is hugely pregnant (again), cranky, bitchy, demanding, & apparently nesting.

Crackfic, PG, exactly what is says on the tin. XD I've been wanting to write this prompt for ages and it's taken me this long to figure out exactly how to do it.

The problems start when every single towel in Crowley's mansion disappears. Specifically, when they all disappear when he's in the middle of a shower.

Sure, he can abuse his demonic powers to dry off, but it's the principle of the thing, and that's why Crowley stomps wet and naked through the house to their bedroom.

As he suspected, there's a giant mound of towels on the bed, along with sheets, scarves, one of Crowley's spare suits, an excessive amount of feathers, and one disgruntled Gabriel sitting in the middle of it all, shifting and turning every few seconds.

Crowley opens his mouth to complain, but Gabriel spots him, and Crowley has never seen a more venom-filled glare in his life. Never. And he's lived in Hell for centuries before he relocated to Earth despite the colder climate.

"I need more pillows," Gabriel announces, and Crowley makes a dozen appear at the foot of the bed. He also dries himself off and dresses himself, while he's using his powers.

Forget the principle of the thing, he thinks.

He's seen Gabriel pregnant before, and he's seen him get this big before, but the memories of the last pregnancy have been covered with rose-tinted glasses and he can't remember Gabriel being this...well...*bitchy* before.

He debates asking about Gabriel's health.

There's a sudden explosion of feathers, and a flash, and Gabriel's gritting his teeth, eyes closed, a look of concentration on his face, and Crowley's certain he just escaped certain death by virtue of Gabriel loving him.

"I'm going to make you regret doing this me," Gabriel swears. "I'm going to make you regret the moment you had sex with me."

Crowley changes his mind. Gabriel's controlling the outbursts of his power not to save his life, but to instead keep him alive for later.

"What do you want?" Gabriel snaps.

"...I'm going. Now. Yes."

"No, you're not! Get over here, these need fluffing and I can't reach."

Crowley swallows and heads over. "Just a few more weeks," he murmurs. "Just a few more weeks."

Gabriel looks at him, and for a moment Crowley thinks he's going to snap at him, but instead Crowley finds himself yanked down into a kiss, and then his hand is being placed onto Gabriel's stomach.

"She *kicked*," Gabriel says, and Crowley's wide-eyed as he feels it.

"I - " he starts, and shuts himself up. He'll say something stupid if he speaks, and right now.

She kicks again. Gabriel beams at him, as if everything in the world is wonderful, and Crowley finds himself smiling back.

He can't help it. He can feel the new life under his hand and that makes all the trouble of the past months worth it.

When Gabriel kisses him again and then hints (demands) for more steamed clams for dinner with fudge sundaes, Crowley doesn't mind.